

# THE Counter Scuffle.

*Whereunto is added*

## THE Counter Rat.

*Written by R. S.*



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THE  
Council Chamber

COUNCIL CHAMBER



92

ROYAL SOCIETY  
COUNCIL CHAMBER



THE  
COUNTER-  
SCVFFLE.

**L** Et that Majestick pen that writes  
Of brave *K. Arthur* and his Knights,  
And of their noble feats and fights:  
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,  
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,  
And of fierce *Beares*, and Maltive Dogges,  
Be silent!

And now let each one listen well,  
While I the famous Battell tell,  
In *Woodstreet* Counter that befell  
In high Lent!

In which great Scuffle only twain,  
Without much hurt, or being slain,  
Immortall honour did obtain

By merit,  
One

*The Countess Saufflei*

One was a *Captain* in degree,  
A strong and lusty man was hee,  
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free

Of Spirit.

And though he was no man of force,  
He had a stomack like a Horse,  
And in his rage had no remorse

Or pittie.

Full nimble could he cuffe and clout,  
And was accounted, without doubt,  
One of the prettiest sparks about

The City.

And at his weapon any way  
He could performe a single fray,  
Even from the long pike to the *Tay.*

lors Bodkin?

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,  
He feard nor *Englishman* nor *Scot*,  
For *Man* or *Monster*, car'd he not

A Dodkin,

For fighting was his recreation,  
And like a man in Desperation,  
For *Law*, *Edit*, or *Proclamation*

He car'd not

And



*The Counter Scuffle.*

And in his Anger (cause being given)  
To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir *Steven*,  
Or any *Iustice* under Heaven;

He fear'd not.

He durst his enemy withstand,  
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* land,  
And bravely there with sword in hand

Would greet him.

And noble *Ellis* was his name,  
Who' mongst his foes to purchase fame,  
Nor cared though the Devill came

To meet him.

And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man,  
Who first this worthy brawle began,  
Which after ended in a Can

Of milde Beere.

But had you seen him when he fought,  
How eagerly for blood he sought,  
Ther's no man but would have him thought

A wilde Beare.

Imagine now you see a score  
Of madcap Gentlemen, or more,  
Boyes that did use to royst and rore,

And swagger.

Among

*The Counter Scuffle.*

Among the which were three or foure,  
That rul'd themselves by wisdoms lore,  
Whose very Grandfires scarcely wore

A dagger.

A Priest and Lawyer, men well read,  
In wiping spoones and chipping bread,  
And falling to, short grace being sed,

Full roundly:

Whose hungry mawes no Sallets need  
Good appetites therein to breed,  
Their stomacks without sauce could feed

Profoundly:

'Twas ill that men of sober dyet,  
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,  
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to ryot

were given:

And (O great griefe!) even from their food,  
(Their Stomacks too, being strong & good )  
And that sweet place whereon it stood,

Be driven:

But here 'tis fitting I repeat,  
What food our dainty Prisoners eat,  
But if in placing of the meat

And Dishes,  
From

*The Counter Scuffle*

From curious order I do swerve,  
'Tis that themselves did none observe,  
For which nor flesh they did deserve,  
Nor fishes.

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent,  
Affords them not what here is ment,  
So much, so good, and that they went  
without it

'Tis like; but if I adde a Dish,  
Or twain, or three, of Flesh or Fish,  
They either had, or did it with,

Ne're doubt it,  
Then wipe your mouths, while I declare,  
The goodnesse of this Lenten fare,  
Which is in Prison very rare,

I tell ye.  
*Furnity* as sweet as any *Nut*.  
As good as ever swill'd a Gut.  
And butter sweet as e're was put

*The Supper.*  
In belly;  
*Eggs* by the dozen, new and good,  
Which in white Salt uprightly stood,  
And meats which heat and stir the blood

To action.

As

*The Counter Scuffle.*

As butter'd Crabs, and Lobsters red,  
Which send the married payre to bed,  
And in loose bloods have often bred,

*A Faction.*

Filth butter'd to the Platters brim,  
And Parsnips did in Butter swim,  
Strew'd ore with Pepper neat and trim

*Salt Salmon.*

Smells cryde, come eat me, do not stay,  
Fresh Cod, and Maids full nearly lay,  
And next to these a lusty Ba-

*con Gammon*

Stuck thick with Cloves upon the back,  
Well stuff with Sage, and for the smack,  
Daintily strew'd with Pepper black,

*Sow'd Gurnet,*

Pickrell, Sturgeon, Tench, and Trout,  
Meat farre too good for such a rout,  
To tumble, tosse, and throw about

*And spurn it.*

The next a Neats-tongue neatly dryde,  
Mustard and Sugar by his side.  
Roberts butter'd, Flounders fryde.

*Hot Custard.*

*Eeles*

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

*Eeles* boyl'd and broyl'd : and next they bring  
*Herring*, that is the *Fishes* King,  
And then a Courtly Poll of *Ling*,

And *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot  
The flesh which still stands piping hot,  
Some from the *Spir*, some from the *Pot*

New taken,

A *shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,  
As good as ever *Knife* was put on,  
Which never were by a true *Glutton*

Forfaken,

A *Loyne* of *Veale*, that would have dar'd  
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*,  
And they sometimes will feed full hard,

Like tall men.

And such as love the *Lusty* *Cbine* :  
But when that I shall sup or dine,  
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,

Of all men.

Thus the *Descriptions* are compleat,  
Which I have made of men and meat.

*Mars* sayd me now, while I repeat

The *Battle*,

Where



*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Where Pots and Stooles were us'd as Gins,  
To break each others Heads, and Shins,  
Where blowes did make bones in their skins  
To rattle.

Where men to madnesse never ceast,  
Till each ( furious as a Beast )  
Had spoild the fashion of a Feast,  
Full dainty.

Whereon had they not been accurst,  
They might have fed, till bellies burst :  
But *Ellis* shew'd himselfe the worst  
Of twenty.

For he began this monstrous brall,  
Which afterward incens'd them all,  
To throw the meat about the Hall,  
That Even.

And now give care unto the jarre,  
That fell between these men of warre,  
Wherein so many a harmlesse skarre  
was given.

The Board thus furnisht, each man sat,  
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,  
Mong whom a jarring question strait  
was risen.  
For

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

For they grew hotly in dispute,  
What Calling was of most repute:  
Twas well their wits were so acute

In prison.

While they discours'd, the *Parson* blythe *Parson.*  
Fed, as he meant to have the tythe  
Of every dish, being sharp (as Sythe)

In feeding.

But haste had almost made him choke,  
Or else perhaps, he would have spoke  
In praise of his long-thred-bare Cloke,

And breeding.

But after a deliberate pause,  
The *Lawyer* spoke, as he had cause, *Lawyer.*  
In commendation of the Lawes

Profession.

The Law, quoth he, by a just doom,  
Doth censure all that to it come,  
And still defends the innocent from

Oppression;

It favours Truth; it curbs the hope  
Of Vice; it gives Allegiance scope;  
Provides a Gallows and a Rope

For Treason.

This

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

This doth the Law, and this is it  
Which makes us here in prison sit,  
Which grounded is on holy Writ  
And Reason.

To which all men must subject be,  
As we by daily prooffe do see,  
From highest to low't degree;

The Scholler,  
Noble, and Rich: It doth subdue  
The Souldier, and his swaggering crue,  
But at that word the Captaine grew  
In choller.

The  
Souldier  
He lookt full grim, and at first word  
Rapt out an Oath, that shook the board,  
And struck his fist, that the sound roar'd  
Like thunder.

It made all skip that stood him neare,  
The frighted Custard quak'd for feare,  
And those that heard it, stricken were  
With wonder.

Nought did he now, but frown and puffe,  
And having star'd and swore enough,  
Thus he began in language rough.  
Thou cogging,  
Base.

*The Counter Scuffle.*

Base foyisting *Lawyer*, that dost set  
Thy minde on nothing, but to get  
Thy living by thy damned per-

tisfogging.

A Slave, that shall for halfe a Crown,  
With Buckram bag, and daggled Gown,  
Wait like my dogge about the Town,

And follow

A businesse of the Devils part,  
For fees, though not with Law nor Art:  
But head as empty as thy heart

Is hollow,

You stay at home and pocket fees,  
While we abroad our bloods do leese,  
And then, with such base termes as these

You wrong us.

But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre  
For thee to prattle at a Barre,  
Than once to shew thy face i'th'warre,

Among us,

Where to defend such thanklesse Hinds,  
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,  
But is expos'd to stormy winds,

And weathers,

And

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

And oft in blood he wades full deep,  
Your throats from forrain swords to keep,  
And wakes when you securely sleep

In feathers,

What could your Lawes or Statutes doe,  
Against Invasions of the *Foe*,  
Did not the valiant *Souldier* goe

To quell 'em?

And to prevent your further harmes,  
With Ensigne, Fife, and loud Alarmes  
Of warlike Drum, by force of Armes

Repell 'em?

Your *Trespasse Action* will not stand,  
For setting foot upon your Land,  
When they in scorn of your Command

Come hither.

No remedy in Courts of *Powles*,  
In *Common Pleas*, or in the *Rowles*,  
For juggling of your *lobbernowles*

Together.

Wet not for us, thou *Sad*, quoth he,  
Where would'st thou goe to get a fee?  
But to defend such things as thee,

'Tis pity.

For



*The Counter Scuffle.*

For such as thou, esteem us least,  
Who ever have been ready prest,  
To guard you, and the *Cuckowes* nest,  
Your City.

That very word made *Ellis* start, *Citizen,*  
And all his blood ran to his heart,  
He shook, and quak'd in every part  
With anger.

He lookt as if nought might assuage  
The heat of his enflamed rage,  
His very countenance did presage  
Some danger.

A *Cuckowes* nest? quoth he: and so,  
He humm'd, and held his head full low,  
As if distracted thoughts did o-  
verpresse him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,  
At *Bristow* she was brought abed; *Ellis a*  
*Bristow*  
*man,*  
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,  
(God blesse him.)

Of *London City* I am free,  
And there I first my *Wife* did see,  
And for that very cause, quoth he,  
I love it.  
And

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

And he that calls it *Cuckooves* nest,  
Except he sayes he speaks in jest,  
He is a villan and a beast,

He prove it.

This Ile maintain, nor do I care,  
Though *Captaine Pot-gun* stamp and stare,  
And swagger, sweare, and teare his hayre

In fury.

And with the hazard of my blood,  
Ile fight up to the knees in mud,  
But I will mak my quarrell good,

Assure ye.

For though I am a man of Trade,  
And free of *London City* made,  
Yet can I use *Gun, Bill, and Blade*

In battle.

And Citizens, if need require,  
Themselves can force the Foe retire,  
What ever this *Low-Country* Squire

Do prattle.

For we have Souldiers of our own,  
Able enough to guard the Town,  
And Captaines of most faire renown,

About it,  
If

*The Counter-Scuffle*

If any Foe should fight again,  
And set on us with all his Train,  
Wee'll make him to retire again,

Nere doubt it.

We have fought well in dangers past,  
And will do while our lives do last,  
Without the help of any cast.

Commanders

That hither come, compell'd by want,  
With rusty Swords, and Suits Provant,  
From *Vrick*, *Namigen*, or *Gant*,

In *Flanders*.

The Captain could no longer hold,  
But looking freely, plainly told  
The Citizen, he was too bold,

and call'd him

Proud Boy, and for his lawcy speech,  
Did shordy vow to whip his breech:  
Then *Ellis* snatcht the pot, with which

he mall'd him.

He threw the jugge, and therewithall,  
He gave the Captain such a mall,  
As made him thump against the wall

his Crupper

With

C

*The Chamber-Song*

With that the Captain took a Dish  
That stood brim-full of butterd Fish,  
As good as any heart could wish  
To supper.

And as he threw, his foot did slide,  
Which turn'd his arme and dish aside,  
And all be-Butter-fishide

*Nic Ballat.*  
And he, good man, did none disease,  
But sitting quiet and at ease,  
With butterd Rochers sought to please  
His pallat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,  
He rag'd, and swore, and grew stark mad,  
Some in the roome been better had  
without him;  
For he took hold of any thing,  
And first he caught the poll of Ling,  
Which he courageously did sling  
about him.

Out of his hand it flew apace,  
And hit the Lawyer in the face,  
Who at the Board in highest place  
was scared.  
And

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

And as the Lawyer thought to rise,  
The Salt was thrown into his eyes,  
Which him of sight in wo all wise

**Defeated.**

All things nere hand, Nic Ballas threw  
At length his butterd *Robbers* flew.  
And hit by chance, among the crew,

**The Parson.**

The Sauce his coat did all be-wee,  
The Priest began to fume and fret,  
The Seat was butterd which he set

**His-son.**

He knew not what to do or say,  
It was in vaine to Preach or pray,  
Or cry you are all gone astray,

**Good people,**

He might as well go strive to teach  
Divinity beyond his reach  
Or when the Bells ring out, go preach

**Ith Steeple.**

At this mischance the silly man,  
Out of the roome would faine have ran,  
And very angrily began

**To mutter**



*The Counter-Scuffle*

All luck had he, for after that  
One threw the *Parsneps* full of fat  
Which stuck like *Brooches* in his Hat,  
with Butter.  
Out of the place he soon repairs  
And ran halfe headlong down the Staires,  
And made complaint to Master *Ayes*  
with crying.  
Up ran hee to know the matter,  
And found how they the things did scatter,  
Here a Trencher, there a platter  
were lying.  
I dare not say he stunk for wo,  
Nor will, unlesse I did it know,  
But some there be that dare say so  
that smelt him.  
Nor could ye blame him, if he did,  
For they threw dishes at his head,  
And did with Egges and Loaves of Bread,  
bepeelt him.  
He thrust himselfe into the throng,  
And u'ed the verue of his tongue,  
But what could one mans word among  
so many?  
The

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

The Candles all were shuffled out,  
The Victuals flew afresh about,  
Was never such a Combat fought

by any.

Now in the dark was all the coyle,  
Some were bloody in the broyle,  
And some lay steep in Sullen Oyle

and Mastard.

The sight would make a man afear'd;  
Another had a butter'd Beard,  
Anothers face was all befreard

with Custard;

Others were dawb'd up to the knee  
With butter'd *Fish* and *Farin*,  
And some the men could scarcely see

that beat'em.

Vnder the Board *Livell* lay,  
Being fore frighted with the fray,  
And as the weapons flew that way,

he eat'em.

The bread stuck in the windowes all,  
Like bullets in a Castle wall,  
Which furious Foes do seek to scale

In battle.  
Shoulders

Will. Llu  
ellin a  
prisoner  
there,  
sometime  
the Kee-  
per.

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

Shoulders of Mutton, and Loynes of Veale,  
Appointed for to serve the Meale,  
About their eares full many a Peale

Did rattle.

One of  
the under  
Keepers.

The which when Owen Blany spide,  
Oh, take away their Armes he cryde,  
Lest some great hurt do them beride,

Prevent it,

And then the Knave away did steale,  
Of food that fell, no little deale,  
And in his house at many a meale

He spent it;

The Captain ran the rest among,  
As eager to revenge the wrong  
Done by the Pot which Ellis flung

So stoutly.

And angry Ellis fought about,  
To finde the furious Captain out,  
At length they met, and then they fought

Devoutly.

Now being met, they next lin,  
Till with their lowd robbustions din,  
The room and all that was therein

Did rumble.

Instead

*The Counter Scuffle.*

Instead of Weapons made of Steele,  
The Captain took a salted Eele,  
And at each blow made Ellis reele,  
and tumble.

Ellis a Pippin pie had got,  
A forer weapon than the port;  
For lo, the apples being hot,  
did scald him.

The Captain layd about him still,  
As if he would poore Ellis kill;  
And with his Eele with a good will  
he mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, Ellis thou art  
A fellow of courageous heart;  
Yeeld now, and I will take thy part  
hereafter.

Quoth Ellis, much I fear to have  
Thy words of threat, being free from feare;  
With which he hardly could forbear  
from laughter.

Together then fresh they lie,  
The Eele against the Pippin Pie;  
But Blany hood there purposely  
to watch 'em  
The

*The Gunter Stuffle*

The weapons wherewithall they fought,  
Were those, for which he chiefly sought,  
And with an eager stomach thought  
to catch 'em.

But scap't not now so well away,  
As at the Veale and Mutton fray,  
He thought to have with such a prey  
his jawes fed.

But all his hope did turne aside,  
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,  
For Ellis all be-pippin-pyde  
his Calves head.

Wo was the case he now was in,  
The Apples hot, did scald the skin,  
His Skull, as it had rotten bin,  
did coddle.

With that one foole among the rout,  
Made out-cry all the house about,  
That *Blay's* braines were beaten out  
his noddle

Which *Look wood* hearing needs would see,  
What all this coyl and sturre might be,  
And up the Staires his Gut and he  
Went wadling.

But

ATW-  
key a fat  
fellow.



*The Counter Scuffle*

But when he came the Chamber nere,  
Behinde the doore he stood to heare,  
But in he durst not come for feare

*Of swadling.*

There stood he in a frightfull case,  
And as by chance he stir'd his face,  
Full in the mouth a butter'd Playce

*Did hit him.*

Away he sneakt, and with his tongue,  
He lick'd and swallow'd vp the wrong,  
And so he went the roome along

*Be-him.*

For helpe now doth poore Lockwood crye,  
O bring a Surgeon, or I die,  
My guts out of my belly flye

*Come quickly.*

Blany with open mouth likewise,  
For present help of Surgeon cries,  
Picke a man, quoth he, that lyes

*So Goldy,*

Philips, the skillfull Surgeon shew  
Was call'd, and call'd and call'd agen,  
If he had skill to cure these men,

*To shew it.*

*At*

*The Counter-Scuffle*

At length he comes, and first he puts  
His hands, to feel for *Lockwood* guns,  
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,

All know it.

He cries for water. In the mean  
One calls up *Madge* the Kitchen quean,  
To take and make the Baby clean,

And clout it.

Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,  
And led him softly through the Hall,  
Lest the perfume through knees should fall

About it.

She turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,  
Nor could she chafe but laugh to see,  
That yellow, which was wont to be

A white breech.

She took a Dish-clout off the Shelfe,  
And with it wipe the durtie Elf,  
Which had not wit to helpe it selfe

Poore breech!

Then leaving *Lockwood* all be-raid,  
Vnto the murther of the Maide,  
Who well deserves to be paid

For taking  
Such

To know it  
A

D

*The Commers Scuffle.*

Such homely paines, Now let us call,  
Our thoughts backe on the sinne that's past,  
And them whose bones could not in haste

Leave aking,  
And like the Candles, shall my Pen  
Shew you these Gallies once agen,  
Which now like *Furies*, not like men

Appeared,  
Fresh lights being brought appeare the bray,  
Shew twenty mad men in the Hall,  
With Bloud and Sapes their faces all

Besmeard,  
Their Cloathes rent and sow'd in drinke,  
*Oyle, Mustard, Butter*, and the stinke,  
Which *Lockwood* less, would make one thinke

In sadnesse,  
That these so monstrous creatures dwell,  
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,  
Or that no tongue, or Pen can tell

Their madnesse  
They were indeed disfigured so,  
Friend knew no friend nor foe-man foe,  
And each man saw himself and know:

But after  
A scan-  
D 2

*The Counters Songster*

A frantick staring round about,  
They suddenly did quit their doubt,  
And loudly all at once brak out

In laſter.

The heat of all is now alaid,  
The Keepers gently doe perſwade,  
And (as before) all friends are made,

Full kindly.

*Ellis*, the *Captaine* doth embrace;  
The *Captaine* doth return the grace,  
And ſo doe all men in the place,

As friendly

By *Tom* I love thee, *Ellis* cryd;  
The *Captaine* ſoone as much replyd,  
Thou art, quoth he, a man well tryd,

And *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at odds againe ſhall be,  
E're any warres twixt thee and mee,  
And thereupon I drink to thee,

A full Can.

And then he kneeld upon the ground,  
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round,  
For ever ſhall he held renowned,

And never

May

**The Counter Scuffle**

May any quarrell twixt us twaine  
Arise, or this renew againe,  
But may we loving friends remaine

For ever

Amen, cryde *Captaine*, so did all,  
And so the health went through the Hall,  
And thus the Noble Counter-brall

Was ended.

But hunger now did vex'e'm more,  
Then all their anger did before:

They searcht i'th roome how far their store

Extended.

They want the meat which *Blany* stole,

One finds a *Flerring* in a hole,

With durr and dust blacke as a coale,

And trodden

All under feet; The next in post

Snaps vp, and feeds on what was lost,

And looks not whether it be rost.

Or sodden.

A third finds in another place

A piece of *Ling* in durtie case,

And *Mustard* in his fellowes face,

Another

*Espica*



*The Counter Scuffle.*

Espsies, that finds a loafe of bread:  
A dish of Butter all bespread,  
And stuck vpon anothers head

I' th poother.

Thus what they found, contented some,  
At length the Keeper brings a Broome,  
Meaning therewith to cleanse the roome

With sweeping.

But under Table, on the ground,  
Looking to sweepe, by chance he found  
Luellin, faining to be found

ly sleeping.

He pull'd him out so swift by the heeles,  
As if his arse had ran on wheelles,  
And found his pockets stuff with *Eeles*:

His Cod-piece

Did plenty of provision bring,  
Somewhat it held of every thing,  
*Smelts, Flounders, Rakers, and of Ling*

A broadpiece

At this discoverie each man round  
Tooke equall share of what was found,  
Which afterwards they freely drownd

In good drink:

For

*The Counter-Scuffle.*

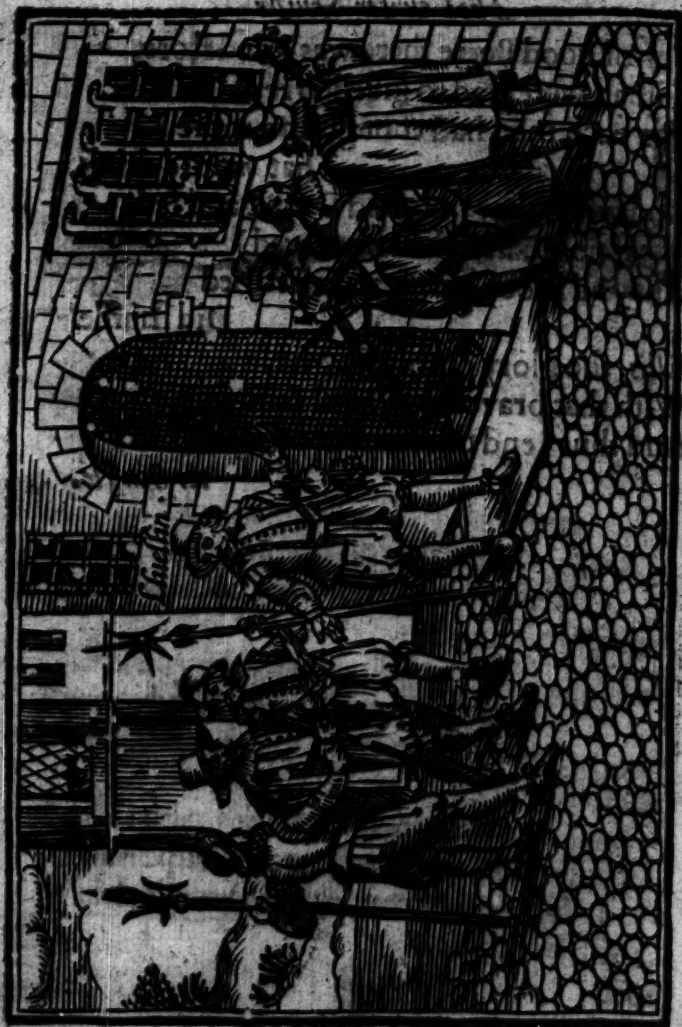
For of good Beere there was good store,  
Till all were glad to give it o're,  
For each man had enough and more  
That would drinke;  
And when they thus had Drunk and fed,  
(As if no quarrell had been bred)  
They all shook hands and all to bed  
Did shuffle.

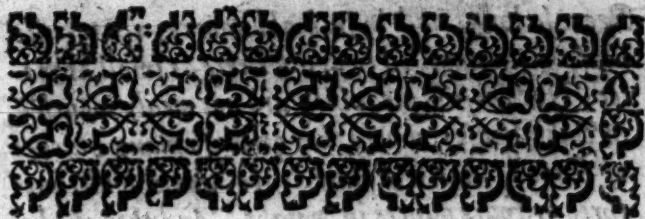
Ellis, the glory of this Towne,  
With that brave *Captaine* of renowne,  
And thus I end this famous *Count-*

*ter Scuffle.*

**FINIS.**







## To the Reader.

**H**is Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle, being thus finished, hath ever since frighted both Prisoners and Taylors from comming into any roome, for feare of a second uproare. So that the Counter, for want of sweet garnishing, and cleanly looking to, is grown so nasty, that no man (by his good will) will thrust his nose in at any of the grates: Nay, will rather goe a mile about, than come neare it; Though to keep it sweet, a great deale of Mace is stuck upon every Sergeant, as if he were a Copon in white-broth.

Vpon this slovenlinesse, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not such Rats as runne up and downe in Brew-houses, sucking the new wort of strong

E

Beere

## To the Reader.

Beere so long, and in such abundance, that halfe the City is compelled to drink Beere as small as water; Nor those Rats which are not mealy mouth'd in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many batches of Bread, that a Penny loafe wants sometimes three or foure ounces in waight: And then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the Pillory.

Neither are they those Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chandlers shops, where they nibble so much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full waight.

No, these are no Rats with foure legs, but only two; and though they have nests in a thousand places of London, yet for the most part they run but into two Rat-traps, that is to say, The Counters of Wood-street and the Poultry, and for that cause are called Counter-Rats,

How caught, how mouz'd, and what they are,  
This picture lively doth declare.

THE







THE  
COUNTER  
RAT.

O F Knights and Squires of low degree,  
Of Roaring Boyes, that stick and snee,  
Of Battoon Dam-meets, that cry Brec,  
I sing now,

At men and women, (Bawds and whores)  
At Pimps and Panders that keep doores,  
At all that out-face Vintners scores,

I fling now.

What fling I? Nothing, but light rimes,  
(Not tun'd as are St. Pauls chimes)

No steeples heigh my Muse now climbs,

But flyeth.

Close to the ground as Swallowes do,  
When rainy weather must ensue,  
She flies, and sings, and if not true,

Shelyeth.

Lay

\* I mean  
no Playe  
doores:  
These  
are too  
benefit.

*The Counter-Rat.*

\* *The  
Kings  
Ingeler.*

Lay (\* *Hocus Pocus*) thy tricks by,  
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,  
Thy theaming likewise I defie;

O *Fenner.*

Let Hogsdon-Scrapers on their Base  
Sound Fum-fum-fum from totterd case,  
Nor Meane, nor Treble now take place,

But Tennor;

A Counter-Tennor is that note,  
Too easie,— 'tis nere sung by rote,  
But got with wetting well your throat

With Claret.

Or stout March-beere, or Windsor Ale,  
Or Labour in vaine, (so seldome stale,)  
Or Pymlico, whose too great sale

Did marre it:

He that me reads, shall fall out flat  
With *Homers* Frog, and *Virgils* Gnat,  
And *Ovids* Flea, which so neare sat

The Moone shine,

For I of stranger wonders write,  
Of a wilde Vermin got each night,  
Mad Bulls i<sup>th</sup> dark, but guls in sight,

Of Sun-shine.

My



*The Counter-Rat.*

My Metamorphosis is rare,  
For Men to Rats transformed are,  
And then, those Rats are Prisoners fare,  
O pitty!

But tis good sport to see them drest,  
To garnish out a Mornings Feast,  
Each bit being salted with a jest

Scarce witty :  
These are not Rats that nibble cheese,  
Or challenge mouldy crusts for fees,  
And rather will their long tayles leese

Than Bacon:  
No, these are they, whose guts being cram'd,  
(As Canons hard with powder ram'd)  
And Bag-pipe cheekes with wines inflam'd,  
Are taken

By Constables and Bill-men eke,  
Who speak not Latine, French, nor Greek,  
But are Night-Sconces out to seek

Night-sneakers,  
Who late in Taverne up do sit,  
Whiffing smoke, Money, Time, and wit.  
Pouring in Boules, till out they spit

Full Beakers.

*The Counter-Rat.*

These (then) being to the Counter led,  
Each Prisoner shakes his shaggie head,  
And leaning halfe out of his bed,

A laughing  
Fals,—And cries out —A Rat—A Rat,  
Oh! roares another,—Is he fat?  
If not,—Fley off his cloak or hat,

Thus scoffing,  
Till Morne they lye.—The poore Rat gets  
Into some hole,—Besides his wits,  
To heare such caterwalling fits,

So fright him :  
But day being rise,—All up do rise,  
And call for Beere to cleare his eyes,  
A Garnish then the whole Roome cryes,

They bite him,  
Aske any how such newes I tell,  
Of *Wood-streets* hole or *Poultries* hell?  
Know, I did 'mongst those Gypfics dwell,

That cozen there.  
I mean the Turn keys, and those Knaves,  
Who rack, for fees, men worse then slaves,  
I saw brought in with bills and glaves,

Some dozen there.

For

*The Counter-Rat.*

For I one night by Rug-gownes caught,  
Was for a Rat to th' Counter brought,  
What there my deere experience bought,  
Hele sell yee

Cheaper, than I could have it there,  
For they for Tokens throats will teare,  
But such as 'tis, fill with the Cheere  
Your belly.

Prick up your eares,—for I begin  
To tell, what Rats, my night, came in,  
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Ginne,  
But mildly,

Being call'd before the Bench of wits  
Who sit out midnights Bedlam fits;  
But some being rid, like Iades with Bits,  
Ran wildly.

First, about twelve, the Counter gates  
Thundred with thumpings,—Dores & grates  
Reel'd at the peale,—when our prison-mates  
Up starting,

Saw in the yard a frantick Swarm,  
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arme,  
Sore had the fight been, but small harme

At parting,  
It



*The Counter Rat.*

It was a watch, swearing we bleed,  
But 'twas their noses dropt indeed;  
Masters (quoth they) we charge ye take heed  
Of him there.

*A Roaring Rat.*

**T**hat Royster, us to our trumps has put,  
And run our Beadle through a gut,  
His Bilbo has from each man cut

A limb here.

They gone, Vp comes the Bredah-Bouncer,  
His tusks stiffe-starcht like a brave Mounser,  
Of Turnbull-Pupcks a staring Trouncer,

Some knew him;

Why, here (quoth we) why? zounds because  
I tugg'd with beares, and par'd their pawes,  
But sure I mall'd Mr Constables lawes,

O slew him;

All's one,—sayd one, Please you to bed Sir:

He (swearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,

I scorn to rock my Hamesse-Head Sir,

In feathers;

Give

*The Counter-Rat.*

Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolster,  
An Armourer still is my Vpholster,  
In frost, snow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,

Hang weathers;  
Rogue, fetch me a sweet truffle of straw,  
To fire thy layle. — Pox a this Law,  
That coopes a Souldier like lack Daw,

I'll treason?  
Rascall I more Claret, There's none here Sir,  
Why then (you mangy Cur) some beere Sir,  
There's not a Tapster dares come heere Sir:

Thy reason?  
Because you thwack out such huge words Sir,  
His wezand fears them worse than swords Sir  
Mum then, — Ile take a nap o'th boords Sir.

He sleepees there.

---

*A Crosse legg'd Rat.*

A Puritan Taylor then came in,  
Who (to take measure) out had bin,  
And (Maudlin, drunk) to rince his sin,

He weeps there.

F

Weeps

*The Counter-Rat.*

Weepes to be call'd a Rat, being known  
A man at least, — so down being thrown,  
On a hard Bench, thus did he groan

In sorrow,  
Brethren where am I? One reply'd,  
In *Wood-street* Counter. — O my pride!  
Thou art tane down, and I must hide

Too morrow  
A head that was not hid before,  
Wo worth him makes *Manasses* roare,  
But die I may not in his score,

Believe me,  
For consolation I espy  
Th'row my sweet Spanish needles eye,  
The Sisters will (if here I lie)

Relieve me,  
Sisters i'th' Counter lo! no; here  
Only the wicked ones appcare,  
Wash then thy shame in brinish teares,

Confessing  
Th'art rightly punisht for thy Yard,  
And for thy Goose which graz'd too hard,  
And for some Stuffes which thou hast marr'd  
With pressing,

We

*The Counter-Rat*

We ask'd him, why he was brought in,  
Black threds of vice (quoth he) I spin,  
And then agen did thus begin,

Condoling,

All are not Friers, I see, weare Cowles,  
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, milk-white soules,  
I should have talk'd thus when the bowles

Were trolling;

But then, to steale I held no harm,  
Lappets of drink to keep me warm,  
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,

Indeed-la

O would my sheeres might cut my thred,  
Why is this crosse-legg'd mischiefe bred?  
Mending my want from heele to head

With speed-la:

Sorrow has made me dry,—No matter,  
Out of mine eyes will I drink water,  
No other Ram my braines shall batter,

To kill me,

Roofe, touch no more wines, French or Spa-  
All drinks Papisticall I banish, [nish,  
Out of my lips this phrase shall vanish,

Boy,—Fill me.

One

*The Countess Rat.*

One bid him call for beere, he fed,  
Oh! No more beere.— But reach me bread,  
By that Ile swear.— Would I were dead,  
And rotten.  
When I agen swill ought but whay,  
Yet lest (being cold) my zeale decay,  
Hot waters shall not be one day  
Forgotten.

*An old gray Rat.*

His done, he nods, and quickly snores;  
And then a fresh wind flie the doors,  
An Usurer hedg'd in with mad Whores,  
Came wallowing;  
As does a great ship on the Seas,  
Set on by Gallies,—for, all these  
Were Fish-wives, who had wine at ease  
Been swallowing;  
And blown him up with penny pots  
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,  
Payd him at weeks end by th old Trots,  
For shillings  
Each



# The Counter-Rev.

Each Monday lent them, — To buy Skate  
Crabs, Plaice, and Sprats at Billingsgate  
Thus, then they met, and hold thus late

## Their drillings.

He rests in peace,—but is not dead,  
Yet is wormes meat in lowzie bed,  
And lies like one wrapt up in led,

None stirr'd him;

But all his Oyster-mouthes gap'd wide,  
(Wine in their gurs was at full Tide)

The Devill did fo their Rumps bestride.

**And spurr'd them:**

They flung & win'd, & kick'd down haire  
Themselves, and stamp'd like Flanders Mares,  
Hell is broke loose, - No Keeper dares

## Approach them;

For, at that Dogge (befawc'd in Sacke)  
They grinde their teeth, and curse him black,  
Crying out, 'Tis these does break their back,

## And broach them

So fast, that all their gaine heyle out,  
Deep-red to dye his pockie snout,  
But, that which flung these brands about.

## So hotly,

'G'AM

*The Counter Rat.*

'Gan now to quench them, sleep does found  
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lie drown'd  
In cast-up wine,—and on the ground  
The shot lie.

---

*A Black Rat.*

**S**Carce was this hellish dinne allayd,  
But drencht in mire, with drink berayd,  
(New curried) was brought in a jade  
All mettles,  
An Estridge that iron barres could eat,  
And Strong-beere out of Sea-coales bear,  
His fifty-cuffes did the Watch fret  
And nettles;  
This second Smug, who had the staggers,  
This Vulcanist, whose nayles were daggers,  
This Smith so arm'd in Ale, he swaggers,  
At snoring,  
Though lockt up, yet set up his trade,  
Bolts, Hinges, Barres, and Grates he made  
Fly,—which being heard, the Taylors payd  
His roaring.  
They

*The Counter-Rat.*

They furnish't him with iron enough,  
Neck, hands, and leggs had armour tough,  
And stronger ( but more cold ) than Buffe,

To guard him.  
How did they this? none durst come neer him  
Like Tom of Bedlam did they feare,  
All bringing Cans, to pledge them, swear him,  
So snar'd him,

Yet, for all this, he danc'd in's shackles,  
And cry'd, t'other Pot, I want more tackles,  
And thus (till break of day) it cackles,

Layd having  
The addle Egge of his turn'd braines,  
In his iron nest of rusty chaines,  
Which made him lose both sense of paines,  
And raving.

---

*A Long Tayl'd Rat.*

THE next that in our little Ease,  
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,  
Was a spruce Knave, like none of these,

But sober,

As

*The Counter-Roe*

As the Strand May-pole, he did go,  
In ruffe, — His thumb th' row ring did show  
A Gentleman seal'd, — for he was no

Hog-grubber:

It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,  
Whose back wore freez, but burn no scarlet,  
And was tane napping with his Harlot,

At noddy:

But being hal'd in, his haire herent,  
And swore they all should deare repent  
Their balencle, — for no ill he meant

To her body:

The Prisoners ask't then what she was,  
(Quoth he) My Client, — One well to passe,  
Though here they impound me like an Ass,

Ile ferk them.

Ile make the Beadle pluck in's horne,  
He flirtd at my nose in scorne,  
The Watch shall stink, the Constable mourn,

Ile jerk them,

Hang them (if need be) for they broke  
Her house, — That's Burglary, — The clock  
Scarce counting two, — Then they struck

Ath' mazzard.

An

*The Counter-Kat.*

An action of strong Battery ! Good !  
They made my Nose then gush bloud ;  
(One more ! )--- And that I mist the mud  
was hazzard.

Here's Law in lumps :- Must, when to trial  
My Client comes, I have denyal  
For ingress to her , by Scabs ? A Ryal

I enter  
At Midnight,--- a plain Case,-- else Ployden  
The Case is alfred :- shall each Hoyden  
Bar Law her course ? Dare rustick Royden  
so venture ?

A farthing-candle burning by,  
By chance his railing rage did die,  
Yet to his Brest, Revenge did cry :

so churning  
His brains for Law-tricks how to sting them,  
And up to all the Bars to bring them,  
He sat, hard-twisting cords to wring them,  
till morning.

*No more of this light skipping Verse ;  
A dreery Table I now rehearse.*



*The Conner-Rat.*

**L**ong this brown study did not last,  
But in, at Compter-gates as fast  
Throng'd in the Watch again. A noise  
Of scraping men and squeaking boys  
Straight fill'd the house. The Two-penny-  
Leap'd up and fell a dancing hard: (ward  
Out at the Hole, all thrust their heads;  
The Knights Ward left their seven-groat-  
The Masters side hearing the din (beds;  
Swore that the Devil was sure brought in:  
But when they heard they Fiddlers were;  
Some curs'd the noise, some lent an ear:  
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,  
Being then for want of drink half dead.  
Lock't were the Fiddlers in a Room;  
All cry'd, Strike up, Play Rogues, Fum fum.  
The Minnikin tickled, roar'd the Base;  
Then bawdy songs, all sleep must chase;  
The men play'd heavily, Boys did whine,  
Not ferreing Meat, Mony, Beer, nor Wine:  
Up such a laugh the Prisoners took,  
That the Bed danc'd, and Chambers shook;  
Nay, the strange habbub did so please,  
At Prison-bace ran both Lice and Fleas.

*The*

*The Counter-Rail.*

The Rozzen rub'd off, the Cats guts weary,  
VVe ask'd, how they who made men merry  
Grew sad themselves, and why (like sprites)  
Fiddlers being strung to walk anights,  
VWere they lock'd up? — One then, i th' eye  
Putting his finger, told us why.  
Quoth he, being met by a mad Crew,  
In these poor cases — up they drew  
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers swore  
VVe should play them to the Blue-Bore,  
Kept by mad *Ralf* at Islington,  
VVhose Hum and Mam, being power'd upon  
Our guts, — so burnt 'em, we desir'd  
To part; — being out o' th' house e'en fir'd :  
As our hands play'd, our heads were plyed ;  
And, tho the night was cold, we fryed ;  
For such hot waters sod our brain,  
Like Daws in *June*, we gap'd for rain :  
Strong were our Coxcombs, our legs weak ;  
VVe, nor our Fiddles had wit to speak.  
The company then being fast asleep,  
And we paid soundly, out did creep  
Into the high-way — O sweet Moon !  
We, but for thee, had been undone :

*The Counter-Rat.*

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,  
VVe all might well have been indited  
For breaking into others ground,  
Three in one ditch being almost drown'd;  
Yet out scrambled, and along (throng,  
The Play-house came, -- where seeing no  
We swore 'twas sure some scurvy Play,  
That all the people so sneak'd away;  
And so the Players descended were  
To th' Star, Nags-head, or Christopher.

To all those Taverns (we cry'd) Let's go,  
At which one fell, and then swore -- No.

The Bars in Smith-field well we past,  
For all the Watch had run in haste,  
Arm'd with chalk'd Bills, wak'd by a cry  
Of Whore-dorps rane by th' enemy.  
From Cow-Cross stood those stoves not far,  
In which were entred men of war;  
(Low-Country Souldiers late come o're)  
Each one going in to press a whore.

Leaving them pressing, on we trot  
Through the Horse-fair, till we had got  
Into the middle of Long-lane,  
Where up the Devil doth Brokers train;

There

*The Counter-Rat.*

There down we fell, and then fell out,  
Our leathern Cases flew about :  
VVe fenc'd, and soyn'd, and fought so long,  
That all our Fiddles lay half unstrung ;  
Their backs were broke, & we o'th' ground,  
Swouning for grief they did not sound :  
Our noise brought up from Aldersgate  
The rugged Watch, who before late  
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore ;  
VVho with a guard of half a score  
Seiz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,  
Sad *Lachrymæ* you there shall play.

This told, the Prisoners laught out-right ;  
And though the whole Ward had no light,  
Yet from their beds all skipr and cry,  
Scrapers, strike up, we the VVatch defie.

The Moon so bold was to look in,  
And saw some onely in their skin,  
(Naked as Cuckowes when *June's* past)  
Some had long shirts down to their waste ;  
Some wanted back-parts, some an Arm ;  
None vvore a shirt could keep him vvarm :  
A French Boy that svveeps Chimnies, vvears  
His patch'd-up frock as vvwhite as theirs :

Some

**The Coward-Rat.**

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,  
Some lapp'd their brows in hose all tore:  
They hobble about, they frisk, they sing  
So long, that crackt was every string,  
By their rude horse-play altogether,  
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.  
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell  
Cannot be heard nor felt in hell:  
Yet o'er they gave not, till the Sun  
Arose, then all to bed did run.

*Good-morrow.*



**T**He Rats into the Trap that fell  
That night, were few—The Constable  
Belike did wink, and would not see,  
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he  
Tols all that venture on their waves;  
The rocks being brown-bills, Clubs & staves  
On which they split them—These and they  
When morning comes are fetch'd away:  
Those Rats o'er night whose shapes did leese,  
Being soon turn'd men, by paying but fees,  
Yet some lose tail, some are scratcht bare,  
Whilst Constables and Counters share.

**FINIS.**





